

No. 36 - Feb 19, 1898

ADJUTANT MCGILLIVRAY.

SOME THINGS HE SAYS.

REPORTED BY H.

It doesn't take much to darken the soul's experience.

It is not sin to have a cross; it is a sin to shirk the cross.

When God sanctified me He captured me of about thirty cart-loads of theology.

Can I be honest and refuse to testify that Jesus has saved me.

Behind every victorious life there's a grave—something sacrificed, dead, buried.

Hiding behind God, difficulties that were mountains slight steadily melt to nothing.

There's nothing like it living, saving knowledge of the personal saving and keeping power of the Son of God.

God is not very ready to a lot of His professed followers—they don't know where they are at, half the time.

The devil never left man or woman of his own accord—he's got to be driven away.

Can a person walk in a lesser light or life when an uncontrollable evil has come to enter a fuller?

If you sow sin, you'll reap a bountiful harvest; but if you sow good, you will also reap a bountiful harvest. Hallelujah.

If laboring for souls my whole lifetime is going to mean for me one smile from my Saviour in Heaven, gladly will I endure, and toil, and suffer.

The devil doesn't care how much confession I've got, if he can only keep me from testifying and confessing it. That's his game.

If a child handles charcoal there will be smut on its hands; and, as surety, if a Christian indulges in anything questionable, hell be smutted.

A friend once told me about himself. He said, "When working at my trade I used to look ahead eagerly, longingly, or o'clock. Afterwards, became a partner in the business, and then always longed again. Lots of Christians long or o'clock, who, if partners in the business, would live by faith, trusting him day by day."

Thanksgiving is not as general as it should be. The farmer often goes round with thumb in mouth, lamenting his misfortunes instead of thanking the Great Giver for what he does enjoy. No wonder his grain doesn't grow. The wonder is if it doesn't grow down the other way, or isn't all thistles.

A captain engaged a pilot to take him into the harbor at night. He was the best pilot there. The captain remarked that he probably knew every rock and sand in those waters. The pilot replied, I don't know where the rocks are, but I know where they are not. That's if you away from the rocks of danger.

There is much desperation on the part of man and devil, but a very great deal on the side of the devil. He's playing his cards right well. It's an appalling sight in this 19th century, that the church of God dare not step out and unmask sin, high and low. The ungodly, because they've got the almighty dollar. God helping me, I've made up my mind, I'll be honest in my purpose to tell a whole truth of God.

A certain minister put up at a hotel for the night. On finding he could not pay his bill on account of calling. The landlord said he would talk to his wife about it. He soon returned that, having conferred with his better half, they found that he (the minister) had never prayed with them, didn't even ask a blessing, didn't in fact show his colors, and as he had tried himself like a soldier and refused to do so, he would have to make his colors. Show your colors where you go.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, 5, Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

HEADQUARTERS

[Vol. III. No. 21. February 10th, 1898.]

FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH HANDING THE WELCOME ADDRESS TO THE GENERAL AT THE MASS RECEPTION MEETING IN MASSEY HALL.

"To myself I am God's I am yours, and I am the Salvation Army to the end." The Field Commissioning to the General.



# THE WAR CRY.

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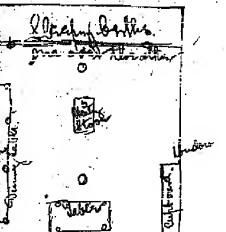
## Latest Social Venture a Splendid Success.

### WOOD LIMIT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

#### Labor Provided for Out-of-Works—Men Happy Under Army Management.

**H**E first hint that the Army was likely to "take to the woods" was given by our late gifted leader, the Commandant, in his daring programme of the Terminus Advances, which he issued in the Terminus, or the General's Journal, prior to his retirement. This hint has now attained to a realization in fact through the enterprise of the North-Western Provincial Officer—Brigadier Bennett—and his aides, who, as we announced a few weeks ago, have secured a Wood Limit 72 miles East of Winnipeg.

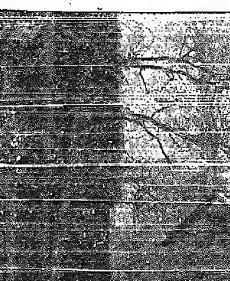
Through acquiring this Wood Limit the Army authorities will be able to employ very much more employment to the out-of-works who throng the Social Reform Institutions at Winnipeg, and look to the Army for help in their time of need, as well as supplying wood for the Labor Yard in the city which is kept supply temporary employment for the unusual needs of those who may want to eat and bread, but have no money to expend.



*Sketch of a wooden cabin or shack, labeled 'Wood Limit'.*

It will readily be necessary to mention that there are many Timber and Wood Limits in Canada, since one of our principal industries is the lumbering business. As may be imagined, although there are many thoroughly-well-constructed shanties, there are others where card-playing, dancing and drinking are the main occupations on Sundays. The Army will, of course, make Sunday a day of spiritual blessing to the men employed and will endeavor to run the whole thing on pattern lines.

The following information, extracted from a despatch from Brigadier Bennett, will be read with interest:—



**FARMSTEAD AND WINTER SCENE.**

Residence of Capt. G. Barker, Dauphin, Alberta.

FALL OF 1914

a man has been fined yet. It is a good indication of the quality of the moral atmosphere that four of the men have already given up their fines.

"When the Self-Denial Campaign was on in the North-West a few weeks ago, two of the men contributed \$7.75 towards that fund—a touching tribute to the value the men themselves place upon Salvation Army Social Reform work. The men are in a distinct sense separated from

be a great boon to our Wood Yard in the city, in addition to helping the men temporarily which is no small thing in the North-West where so many cases of unemployment, and the long, cold winter, which has to be endured, drives many to extreme measures to get support. However, we are most anxious to help them all we possibly can, and we shall employ as many men as our finances admit of in connection with our Winnipeg City Industries, and the Timber Limit."

Brigadier Bennett is a Yorkshire man, and Yorkshire men are notorious for good doings. Brigadier Bennett is quite consistent in this respect, at any rate so far as his dealings with others are concerned, for myself, "I give you a good idea that the men in the bush camp, and that they are a healthy crowd, I may mention that the following is a partial list of the supplies that have been sent to the bush: Flour, 20 sacks; oatmeal, 500 lbs.; cornmeal, 500 lbs.; 20 bags of potatoes; beans, 300 lbs.; split peas, 100 lbs.; bacon, 100 lbs. of each; tea, 60 lbs.; meat, 1,000 lbs.; vegetables, ham, lard and so on ad lib., and for the horses six tons of hay, and a huge quantity of oats and bran.



#### Reminiscences.

**A**ND I went to Glasgow in July, 1883, my brother (now Staff-Capt. Ellis) had charge of the Light Brigade work in Scotland. We were such a small family; my brother taking journeys all over Scotland making Local Agents and talking about the Social work in churches, drawing-rooms, and wherever he could get a meeting and a hearing; we at home were busy receiving G. B. M. boxes from Headquarters, and filling orders to all parts of Scotland, receiving and answering letters, cheering singers, etc., etc., often working till long past midnight.

#### I Still Grieve in Love

and nothing pleased me better than to go about the city collecting boxes. Any one who has been in Glasgow will know about the long closes and winding stone stair cases in the houses, so different from our simple homes. And the dear Scotch people were so kind, and many offers of a cup of tea by the way of refreshment, and the proverbial invitation to take "a wee drupple mare."

I remember once getting such an agreeable surprise on opening a box, which at first sight apparently contained only furnishings, to find a half-sovereign in gold. So I said I could find some of them among our boxes in Canada. Dear reader take the hint and give some of us poor agents a surprise some day. It would be just lovely.

One day having occasion to go out to make some purchases for dinner, I took three or four boxes with me and readily placed the box in the butcher's shop, one in the baker's, and one in the Post Office. Soon after this wrote a little place about the G. B. M. boxes for the Social Gazette, and speaking of what a blessing the money got in this way was to many hungry and suffering ones, I received a few days afterwards

#### A Letter from a Poor Man

who was in very distressing circumstances. He had read my report and thought I might be able to help him.

I was the same old story, class I of thousands—no WORK, FAMILY STARVING, SICKNESS, etc., etc. I thought, "Whatever shall I do?" Not being in a position to help him very much financially, but God's ways are wonderful, and help for the poor family was coming just then across the Atlantic Ocean, and I didn't know it. A friend of mine, Mr. A. B. the "Pacific Coast Army Woman," was then on her way from New York and a day or two arrived at Glasgow. She readily came to my help, and together we went to God, visited the family, and helped them then as well as afterwards. To God be all the praise. I am determined to do all I can to push the Light Brigade work in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Ensign Hale in addition to being bookkeeper of the Property and Finance Departments, bandmaster of the Headquarters staff band, Sergeant-Major and bandman of the Temple corps, has assumed the position of Local Agent for Headquarters, and at the end of the last quarter might have been seen making his way from one office to another, receiving the sum of \$345. This, the Ensign assures me, will also to \$20 for the next quarter.

#### FIELD OF J. S. WORKS.

#### JOURNAL ENCOURAGED AND AI REMOVED.

Joshua viii, 1-26.

The Table Turned.

Methods of Warfare.

THE lesson last Sunday was on Israel's victory brought about by God. To-day we read of a glorious victory the Lord gave them, because they had destroyed the Canaanites. Ai is about ten miles from Jerusalem, two miles from Bethel, and twelve from Jericho, which you remember was the last place of battle.

Methods of Warfare.

There were no guns or cannons in those days. But there were many spears, javelins, catapults and like weapons were used. Armies met in hand-to-hand conflict, and that accounts for the hundreds of thousands slain.

The Plan of Battle—Verses 1 and 2.

God seeks to encourage the Children of Israel. Doubtless the defeat of the former expedition lay very sorely yet on their hearts—"ambush." God's plan was to receive the men of Ai, as we shall see. To lay in ambush is to place yourself out of sight near the enemy, ready to sweep up after them if the combatants are beaten. Napoleon kept a regiment of soldiers in an "ambush" at the Battle of Waterloo. His plan was to wait till the English soldiers were tired out and then attack this regiment come out and win the day. But they found it impossible to reach the English ranks. May our Army always be just as bold.

Read on to verse 3. The plan of campaign explained. The soldiers in ambush would place themselves on the farther side of the city. Joshua would approach Ai from the opposite side and pretend to retreat. The men of Ai would pursue them, leaving the city unprotected. The ambush would then rise and enter the city behind and burn it. Joshua would then turn around and fall upon the enemy, and the needed victory had been won. An ambush after the city was fired would also engage in the fight.

God has all the Glory.

Verses 7—Notice how Joshua is particularly to give all the glory to God. The battle isn't won merely by the soldiers and by the clever plan of battle. God gives the victory.

Verses 14-17.—The plan works out splendidly. Why? Because God had arranged it. It would probably have been a failure otherwise. God, therefore, deserves the praise.

Verses 18.—The Lord gives personal direction in the fight. He interested His ways in our daily fightings, skirmishes, etc., and how gladly He will guide our way through if we will let Him.

Israel's Enemies Rout.

Verses 19-25.—The men of Ai fall into the trap and are utterly destroyed. Not the number of twelve thousand. Not even the women are spared.

Verses 26—It appears that Joshua had his eye open during the whole battle, and until the enemy was destroyed. (Read Exodus xvii, 11-12.)

Even the King had to be killed.

Verses 29—The reason God desired every inhabitant of the land destroyed was because they were wicked, ungodly, idolatrous people. He wanted the children of Israel to be free from the temptations they would throw in the way. What a pity the Children of Israel did not serve all the inhabitants of the land and the same way they did the men of Ai? But we shall read of it later. God's instinct command is round in Deuteronomy vii, 1-6.

Leading Thoughts.

1. Obedience brings success.  
2. God fights for us and deserves the glory.  
3. Sin must be utterly destroyed, the enemies of God cast out.

Questions.

1. Where were the Children of Israel located?
2. Where is Ai?
3. How did man fight in Joshua's time?
4. Describe God's plan to defeat the men of Ai?
5. What is an "ambush"?
6. Did the plan work out all right?
7. What lesson can be learnt from the victory?

Memory Text.

"According to the commandments of the Lord shall we do."



# THE WAR CRY.

**DEMOCRATIC  
CHAMPION**

"I'll admit him into the Salvation Army," capped the General, provoking mirth and applause.

Dr. Thomas' prediction of the vote of thanks was as good that we give it word for word:

"It is surely superfluous, after the wonderful torrent of sacred eloquence to which we have listened, that I should say anything more upon this important resolution. I desire to add that the General has not reached him of any of his wondrous power to move human hearts. The General was, in his early life, a Methodist, but it is abundantly evident that he was predestinated from all eternity to be the General of the Salvation Army, and he is doing his diligence to "make his calling and election sure." There are few men in this world endowed with such rare grace, who can't move to joy to look, and to whose voice we would feel it a greater privilege to listen. He has won for himself a unique and imperial place in the religious life of the century. It would not be sacrilegious in me to assert that his work comes nearer that of Omnipotence than that of any other man. The age for him has come. He has come out of the most unpromising material an organization that is moving the world. He has built a bridge across the chasm that lay between the church and the masses, and over it he has led his armies on to victory. May the benediction of Heaven rest upon the grand old veteran."

Mr. O. A. Howland, suitably seconded the resolution.

The meeting, as a whole, was intense in enthusiasm, vivid in interest and glowing with fervour and affection for the General, and prompted feelings of the highest expectation for the further meetings of the General's Campaign.

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## STAFF AND FIELD COUNCILS.

**Friday—Morning**

**Times of Instruction, Inspiration and Blessing.**

**H**E entrance of the General and Field Commissioner was greeted with an ovation, unanimous and two participants in spirituality and inspiration. The resounding smile of our glorious leader was a benediction—his kind expression an inspiration.

A few minutes before the Throne roused the minds and hopes of the three hundred (or more) officers upon the Giver of those gifts necessary to successful warfare.

The General commenced by giving a few words of congratulation on the accomplishment of the eighteen months since our much-loved Commissioner had assumed the command of this beautiful country. This was followed in the General's own terse style by a few "pointers" in the form of questions (often the most forcible way of emphasis and expression). Could we continue our success? On our hearts' experiences? On our work? These remarks led to an examination of ourselves—or our acquaintances—in the light of Divine revelation.

Like the inspiring Officers who move up and down the lines of the troops assembled for the purpose of inspection, the General covered a hundred of determined—men, fearless in their words and so pointed out the weakness here—the danger there—the possibilities of another polar-point we felt we had had a time of inspiration indeed. Not only this, but gave valuable advice, information, and judgment upon each.

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**Afternoon.**

The principles of the Army came in for a short review, and their importance and unalterable character pointed out. The General's genius manifested itself in a great many ways, as is known all over the world, but perhaps no wise more so than in his marvellous ability to make the simple and interesting what the hands of many people would be dry and uninteresting topics.

The fundamental principle underlying all, must be

**Personal Religion.**

Methods must be multiplied and varied. Principles are unalterable. Methods are the application of them.

One of the latest and most successful was the target idea. This must be applied to the spiritual side of things and will be adopted more universally. What possibilities are there where system, centralized, strict, and uncompromising are combined in the purpose of saving men.

Every officer felt his spirit strengthened, his heart inspired, his soul enflamed, his mind enlightened, by the counsel and judgment of our illustrious leader.

He justified the supposition that commencement of the next effect that he was an excellent speaker, yet the man by his speech, with kindly appreciation of others' words, to make a very great appeal for the collection. His hearers to put their hands in their pockets and bring out the coins of all who heard.

Dr. A. S. Hatty is a fine ex-

student of Dr. Potter, "we want him

to lead the Church."

## OUR WELCOME GREETING

### TO THE GENERAL.

Read by the Field Commissioner at the General's Reception Meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto.

**ELoved GENERAL:**

As the Commander-in-Chief, whom you have been pleased to appoint to the command of this Territory, I am honored this night to receive the feelings of my troops—many thousands strong—from Canada, Newfoundland, and North-West America, and am proud to bear their greetings upon this memorable occasion.

With hearts filled with deepest reverence, and brimming over with affection, we salute you our invincible General. We rejoice to realize that your world-embracing heart carries for every nation and all peoples, and in whatever tongue we address you, and be it that we hold allegiance to the Union Jack or any other national flag, under the wave of the Blood and Fire banner of the one Salvation Army we know that he has given us the strength to stand up to the world.

We rejoice to be soldiers of the one field—as your children in the one love—and as soldiers of the saints.

I delight to assure you that we are with you in the thick of the battle and the thrill of the strife. From myself, your trusted officer and devoted child, to the latest soldier in his soldier's shanty, our spirits meet yours in this deathless conflict against sin and all its scourge.

From the Labrador's east of Newfoundland to the pine-clad Rockies of the far North-West there arises a shout of sympathy and triumph. From the ice-blocked Coast of Labrador and the snow-bound gold-fields of Alaska—from the copper-valued bowels of the earth and the lily-fields of Bermuda, your soldiers, General, lift the song of conquering grace and contend for the salvation of others. From the canons of Montana and the glacier-gilded valleys of British Columbia—from Idaho's lonely mountains and around the rear of Niagara's mighty waters your people are following in your footprints. In fact, General, from mountain rock and sweeping plain—from foaming torrent, and chasm, and cliff—from the gold-diggings of the Klondyke—from the orchards of the East and the forests of the West—from heated city and quiet hamlet—wah the power of Jesus' Name and are stretching forth our hands fearlessly, doubtless and desperately to snatch poor souls from hell.

General, we further desire to assure you of our unwavering loyalty to yourself as our leader, and the world-wide aims of this great Army. Other countries may boast larger populations and consequently more numerous opportunities, but I have every reason to believe that you have no more loyal troops than those whom I represent here to-night. They have proved themselves up to the hilt—endurance in adversity, unwavering steadfastness through misrepresentation, faithful service despite slander and opposition, and stand to-night, but the stronger, for the storm with hearts charged with love and courage.

Loyalty is no mere sentiment—with us—it is a sacred principle which identifies the heart and soul in the heart of Generalship in us as our Commander-in-Chief, in the authority of your officers, and in the execution of the discipline of Order and Regularity throughout the ranks.

We are Canadians, proud of our traditions, full of love and holy ambition for our country's future, yet proud of what is ours that which makes us first followers of the bleeding Lamb, ready at any moment at the word of command to go anywhere for the good of all nations, peoples and tongues.

We also here desire to emphasize by word that which we hope our lives have already proven—our love for the bodies and souls of the people. "Truth has held us in our power in the hour of sore temptation"—inspired and strengthened us in the midnight darkness of trial, during seasons of financial embarrassment, in ten thousand battles with the stubborn resistance of the sinner, and in the difficult task of making a fighting, daring, conquering army of soldiery, this session has held us up and led us on! And such love, by Calvary given, has been by Calvary crowned, giving victory to our respective efforts in all parts of the Territory, in our toils for the salvation and deliverance of stricken and outcast humanity, meeting with success the endeavors of the thirty-four Social agencies which have meant hope, help, and life, to thousands of the most down-trodden, despairing, since your last visit to our land. The battle has been waged with unceasing vigor. From the very gates of hell Satan's victims have been dragged by thousands, washed in the cleansing blood, and are to be found to-day in our ranks—uniformed in the Cross, pioneering others to the gates of Heaven.

Especially do we venture to think that your heart will be gratified by the tidings of our onward march for the children's salvation. Oo! of itself our brave Canadian Officers and men to assure you that no efforts have been spared, no personal sacrifice counted too great, that with the children in our arms and tens of thousands following their parents in ranks, we might build up a mighty temple of living stones called from the rising generation.

One word more, beloved General. You can reckon upon us—myself and my dear and leave officers, who since our stepping into this command have stood close beside me, held up my hands, excused my wishes, and with all tenderness have cheered my heart. We shall keep up the night, stand by the Flag, go straight for the loves and the lost, and we will win them for the Kingdom and the war by that same spirit which has characterized your life and set us all such a noble and practical example. We love you—woe to him who will follow you—we want to be all that you would have us, to help you fulfill the desire of your heart and win the world for God.

We desire, General, that you convey to our comrades on the other side of the Canadian frontier our loyal and affectionate greetings, and to the Chief of Staff, and our international Headquarters our feelings of devotion, fidelity and admiration.

For yourself, General, I am God, I am you, I am the very end.

**EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Territorial Commissioner.**

**Evening.**

The Lippsburg barracks was nearly filled with officers whose appetite, whetted by the previous sessions, looked forward to a spiritual feast at night meeting. Were we disappointed? "The interest and earnestness of the warrior-listeners furnished the answer. The thrilling story of the first martyr of the Christian Church was never so thrilling to us as it was at this night session, and dealt with in the General's own forcible style. What a mighty record was in the life of the man of God, and deep belief in God, and reliance in himself. This was his strength when the test came.

**A Glorious Trinity.**

FULL of power. FULL of faith.

FULL of the Holy Ghost. Ah, that is the qualification for fearless, successful service, and victorious warfare. How mightily did that power which made Stephen's career such a blessed triumph apply itself to the task before us. The spiritual mission—were those moments as we listened of the possibilities of a life possessed and controlled by the Holy Ghost. We read in the good old Book of God speaking through Moses and others. It was ours to hear the voice of God through the General, in this solemn assembly. No man's imagination—of hope of eager expectation—of prayer—aye, and of prayers answered—were the passing minutes of that glorious season spent in the presence of and surrounded by the sacred halo of the full presence of God.

The close of the first day's council marked another spiritual landmark in the history of man, of every heart in that hallowed assembly, the issue of which cannot fail to manifest itself in mighty practical results in our future efforts for God and for His war.

## SOLDIERS MEETING.

**The General's Business—White-hot Truth—Glorious Results.**

**H**ROM all parts of Ontario the comrades came eager to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing their beloved and God-honored leader.

A stranger to the city could not help but inquire the meaning of the number of Salvationists who, in groups, could be seen wending their way Templewards. They were principally soldiers, and this was to be their very own night.

Inside, the body of the large hall was well-filled with a happy, brightened, energetic crowd.

Commissioner Niles gave out the opening song, "Oh, Thou God of every nation," the Headquarters Staff Band struck up the old tune "Calcutta," and the meeting started in earnest. But the General had not yet appeared.

After prayer had been offered the crowd responded with the words, "Everybody stand!" and all knew why. The door at the rear had swayed open and there appeared the familiar form of the General accompanied by the Field Commissioner. What a roar of welcome went up from nearly a thousand throats. Again and again it sounded, the hand clapping, handkerchiefs waving, all speaking the loving and loyal welcome accorded their General.

Colonel Lawley sang, as only he can, one of his own heart-stirring soloes, and then the General sprang to his feet with

### "Now, Then, to Business!"

All who knew him can understand what his business is.

"I want us to have a good time. I call a meeting a good meeting when soldiers are blessed and stirred and set on fire, when sinners are converted and backsliders are restored. Oh, my Lord, give us a good meeting!" ("Amen," said hundreds of believing hearts.)

The truth came from the General's lips white-hot. No mincing the meaning, no avoiding the keen, penetrating shafts as they struck home here and there.

The standard of holiness, a true heart-reign, was set up again, and all had to measure themselves by it whether they would or not.

From one of the old-time Prophets, the General proceeded, now pleading, now exhorting, now tearing aside all covering of excuses and exposing the naked sins and wounds of the many souls present. But if the spirit of God was there to convulse him, he was also there to heal.

The evidence of the Spirit's mighty working in that meeting was seen as after prayer meeting was started, and one after another volunteered to the penitent form. Presently there was a half-an-hour seemed hard—and we knew that many were fighting a hard battle, hesitating before taking the final step. But prayer and faith brought down still more abundant power and then the break, in ones, twos, and sometimes threes they came sought God, and the meeting closed, everybody tired but happy. The General was cheered and God was glorified.

## SUNDAY MORNING.

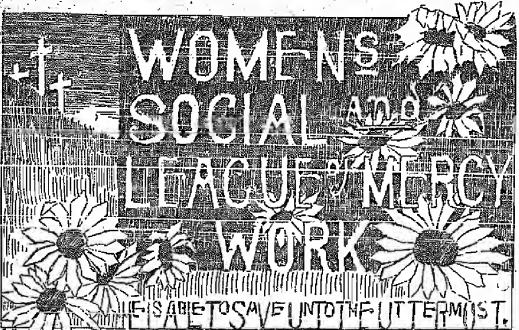
**God's Remedy for the World—  
General on Fire—Victory!**

**T**HE GENERAL, in giving out a song compels everyone to think the meaning of the words into their hearts. For example, when singing the first song where the words occur, "Jesus, although I may not understand," the General stopped and cried, "Salvation—not by Reason, but by Faith." It was a well-hit stroke. A wave of feeling had just swept over the largest crowd that has ever turned out to a Salvation Army meeting in the big Massey Hall on Sunday morning. The General had focussed the sharp-cutting truth down upon the soul until it quaked and made it equally galling to the intellect and doubt. He compelled them, repeat, to think of the truth of the song as such, as it related to man's sins, their past lives and their present experiences. This took three minutes.

The great audience were meantime

(Continued on page 12, col. 4)

# THE WAR CRY.



**I**NASMUCH as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."—Matt.

The devotion rendered by the League of Mercy to the sinful and suffering is a service rendered as "unto Him."

This beautiful spirit actuates the efforts made by them in their noble work,



Beneath the suggestive word-meeting on the last Thursday badge which the Committee has suggested for all members—men and women—to wear "INASMUCH" stands out red lettered in pretty relief upon the white bar of the badge.

The badge consists of a white button bearing our red cross symbol, and is suspended by a lovely crimson ribbon, symbolic of the Calvary tide which flowed for the salvation of a needy world.

In Toronto such blessing is being disseminated by this department of work. I have just had the pleasure of meeting all the workers with Mrs. Gaskin, in a profitable little gathering at Lippincott. Each one who spoke had something encouraging to say.

They keep up a constant visitation of the institutions, distributing War Crys, praying, singing, speaking and lensing a tender hand to all who come under their influence.

Mrs. Major Gaskin still energetically leads the Toronto Leaguers forward. Other memos of the Misses sister whenever they have the opportunity. We have enlisted among other new members Ensign Nellie Griffiths, who will be a valuable acquisition.

Mrs. Adj. Stavason visited the Home of Incurables. All were very pleased to see her.

I was delighted to have the opportunity of again seeing the women of the Morde on a recent Monday night. A splendid work is going on in that Institution. Several of the girls remained to a power to speak in prison.

They listened attentively to all, especially to Mother Florence's living words and the ringing of Ensign Griffiths and Cadet Easton.

Dear Mother Florence was saying "Good-bye," as she is leaving Toronto for Topoka, Kansas.

She leaves behind many from whose hearts her name will never be erased.

"Oh! Mother Florence I want to see her before she goes—so much," said a poor woman in the House of Providence to me a day or two ago. She had blessed memories of Mother Florence in our dear old Drunkard's Home days.

Hundreds of people far and wide in this Territory have similar memories and I have no doubt will unite with the Women's Social Department in wishing our comrade and her husband God-speed in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

A few weeks ago we had the opportunity of addressing the prisoners in the Central Prison in Toronto. We have since received touching reports from the men who have since taken a stand for God. One says, among other things:

"Dear Madam, I will you these few lines to let you know that your visit has done much good. Oh! if you would only come often I am sure there would not be so many prisoners here to-day."

"Dear Madam, I cannot tell you the joy you have given to us here. I am sorry after dinner I fell down in my cell by my bed and the three lay all at the Saviour's feet. He did not turn me away, but took me in. Ever since I shook hands with you in the chapel, I did not have a dry eye till I gave my heart to God, and I hope you will not forget to tell my dear old friends that I have come to my Saviour, and I do not think that I am likely to fail again."

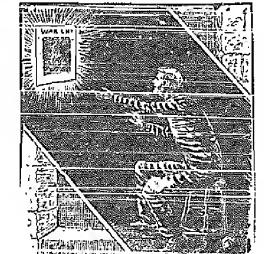
The other one tells us:

"Central Prison, Toronto.

"Dear Madam,

"I write these lines to let you know that I am well and in good health. I hope this will find you and yours. I will use every means to encourage to us about "Jesus." I was very glad to see you. I am going to take God as my Friend and Saviour from this time and forever. I want you to pray for me, that I may be true to the end. When I get out of here I will come and see you. I always felt that I wanted to do what was right, but I mean to do so from this time.

Our London Leaguers were "red cross" savouries indeed, and we are sure our God will water with His Spirit the brave efforts they made to alleviate suffering and comfort the sorrowful.



Out I would like you to send me the War Cry every week, or some good books or papers, and I will never forget you. I will remember you in my prayers. . . .

I just mention these instances to remind our friends that we should be glad if some reader would help us to send War Crys to this prison. We distribute out weekly to the other institutions in the Queen City, and through the generosity of some corps and friends we were able to give away some extra copies at Christmas.

Yorkville deserves special mention. The Temple and others sent four. The War Cry is much appreciated, and we are able to send weekly to the Central Prison. Who will help us to do this?

We have just been requested to conduct the morning Sunday School with the girl-young girls from 15 to 18—the Refuge Department of the Mercer Reformatory, once a month.

This will be a splendid opportunity of influencing young growing girls, and we

hope to make the most of the chance afforded.

The sister in charge of our League of Mercy work in the Indianapolis City writes:

"It is a long time since the League of Mercy in Kingston had a report of the War Cry, but the work is moving forward and we have had some blessed conversions. There was a lady sick in the hospital last Spring. She went home in darkness of soul, but the Spirit of God followed her, and the prayers of the League sisters, and as she thought of the way, peace came to her soul. A few days ago she returned to the hospital to look for the one God had used in her conversion.

"There are a number more in each institution. Some have got saved and are living for God. We regret the removal of our leader, Mrs. Brigadier Sharp. We are united for God and souls.

"A. Countryman.

"P. S.—Mrs. Downey and myself have been to the Police Court three mornings, and have charge of two children."

The meeting in the Kingston Penitentiary has been fruitful of much good.

Miss Myers, in writing of a service held in that prison some time ago, sends a song written by one of the prisoners. We quote from it:

Free to yonder Crimson Tide,  
Swirling from the Saviour's side,  
Where you may fay'er abide  
In peace and joy for eys.

Free, for thus is ebbing fast,  
Your days of hope are running past,  
This day may be your last and last,  
Then now no more delay.

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Miss Myers, in writing of a service held in that prison

# THE WAR CRY

**All Right**

**BRO. GEORGE BOOTH, London, Ont.**

low After Righteousness

s that sustain unto life, and  
you will reap salvation for  
da

**ASH LIGHTS**  
lent Talk by the General on  
Human's Fleet.

HEN the great inquisition for  
Blood is made on the Judgment  
Day I went my shift to  
the Flood. It was a terrible  
day of judgment. It was a day of  
that awful punishment, and  
it difficult to believe in Hell.  
The difficulties exist because they  
grasp the enormity of sin. If  
they would really believe in  
infesting those who live and  
their sins. The old  
was a world of backbiting  
became so evil that it  
lived on its destruction. When  
he downed — this city of  
Instruction, and knowledge,  
the tide of iniquity rolling  
its streets. I wonder if He even  
and you as He looked at the  
died, grieved and repented that he  
was a being? . . . But the world,  
the Flood had another chance to  
blot out. For we have an  
opportunity to be saved.

We need to build an ark, and the  
one of this task can scarcely be  
by us. I think Noah must have  
kind of a prince among men—a  
rich business man—and he  
all the means, time and energy  
of winning of this order of  
men and women, and his wife  
and his wife may have preached too.  
Their wives may have preached too.  
would never tell of the Christ  
if, and tell the world that if they  
and leave their sins they will be  
and have their names written  
in Lamb's Book of Life? . . . At

the work was finished, God  
the signs and there was a  
the forest, and the lions, and the  
the beasts became tame. You say  
tame. Have you ever seen a flock  
of animals form themselves up  
with military precision and take their  
to a warmer land? Cannot we  
make the beasts and the birds  
them do as He wishes? Then  
and shut them in, and  
through the world, the flood  
had burst forth.

My mother, my sister, a God  
me to shut the door of His mercy  
you up to the floods of wrath?  
ever as it was with the old  
with anyone listening to me to  
? . . Now the heavens are  
the rain comes, and it rains  
arrive that the floods are  
a child running down the  
waters meeting waves, spreading  
preaching. Then men and women  
to the high places crying  
she Noah? Where Noah? Why  
not listen to him? Let us hope  
began to pray, and that they  
and went through the flood to  
God had repented that He  
ever deluged the world again, and  
now how in the heavens are  
but at the same time He has  
that the wicked shall be  
a destruction coming to the  
people of this world? . . . The people  
the Flood were destroyed because  
they were wicked—not because they did  
to church, chapter Army her  
Faithful in helping build the  
each handsome subscriptions to  
they were not destroyed because  
they did not sing hymns or read the  
but because they were wicked."

"Mother, Meet Me in Heaven."  
I am going to be with Jesus. On mother,  
do meet me in Heaven." Many times  
said to this I visited her and asked  
her if she let her acquaintance with God  
was. To whom questions she gave an  
answer very decidedly, "Yes, Captain, all  
is well."

On Thursday, December 16th, we laid  
her in the grave. We gave her a soldier's  
funeral, and although the weather was  
very disagreeable, quite a number attended  
the service. As we stood around  
the open grave we prepared ourselves to  
God bid her rest and left the little company  
by the country roadside singing the  
classical.

"I will live in the Army, I will die in the  
Army."

In the work that the Master has given  
me to do;  
With His arm to uphold me and He  
promises to cheer me,  
Gladly my way I'll pursue."

One soul saved at night meeting makes  
a total of five since taking charge.—A.J. Butt, Capt.

\*\*\*

**SISTER MRS. O'NEAL.**

After fifteen years of Salvation warfare  
Mother O'Neill of the Maneuvres corps,  
at the age of 57 years, has joined  
the ranks of the redeemed in Glory, just  
two months after her faithful partner's  
life. She has left a large family to  
mourn her loss. Our earnest prayers on  
their behalf is that each member shall  
be led by the Spirit of God to take up  
the weapons laid down and fill the gap  
Capt.

## Cheering up People.

**By the General.**



**H**AVE been thinking for  
the last few days that  
among other things the  
world wants is an  
increased supply of good,  
healthy, sensible, cheer-up  
people, who will go about picking up  
and comforting such as have gone down  
before their enemies. The world is full  
of people who have begun the fight—  
began to work—began to save them-  
selves, or very seldom else. They have  
done very well for a reason; then they  
have grown weary in well-doing, and  
relapsed into a do-as-well-as-you-can  
condition, hoping for better days.

They have failed. They have failed  
because they gave up. And they

**Gave up Because They Were Discour-**  
**aged.**

They want encouraging to try again;  
they want fresh heart being put into  
them, helping onto their feet, sponging  
down and setting off again in the fight.  
Let us go to sinners and tell them the  
method and ways of saving down the ston-  
erolling to hell who have not at times in  
their history woken up to make a de-  
perate struggle to stop? Have they  
not seemed to succeed for a season, and  
then—become men, or devils, or circum-  
stances have hindered—lost heart and  
given up. Let us go to them. We can  
reken that the Spirit of God is al-  
driving, that the Spirit of first smot-  
ing and driving, let them have a try  
with a pole, and if they break down or  
are noth-pooched, find some good  
point in what they have done. If there  
is one; encourage them with it, and  
make them promise to try again.

Find out those who are always mired  
in the rear and sit at the back, and bring  
them up to the front. Then again,  
those who are timid and never get a  
chance to speak. Call them up, and  
make a hearing for them. Those who  
are afraid of being seen, let them have a try  
with a pole, and if they break down or  
are noth-pooched, find some good  
point in what they have done. If there  
is one; encourage them with it, and  
make them promise to try again.

**The Bond to Excellence and Success**  
**Is Open**

before them; that they have only to  
practice—to practice plenty, to practice  
often, to practice with all their hearts  
in order to become perfect.

But instead of this no encouragement  
in it, no cheering up, no consoling or  
whitewashing of people while they  
are in any shape or form holding on to  
unrighteousness. No true with evil. War  
to the knife with all that is worldly and  
fleshly. In this respect show no mercy;

"Curse him, he that keepeth back his  
sword from blood."

Again, there must be no flattery.

**No Striking Down or Praising People**  
simply to please them or gain their favor.  
This means cursing rather than blessing;  
is the way down, and not up; for a proud,  
or conceited, or stuck-up disposition  
ever surely goes before a fall.

No, my comrades, you must not think  
with untempered mortar, crying, "Peace,  
peace" to the world, but a peaceful en-  
couragement in sin. Neither must you  
flatter to remove the heaviest burden.

But I think all that is hateful and likely  
to stir up and stimulate poor, sad, down-  
tending human nature to raise herself  
up to seek purity and everlasting joy  
and happiness in the arms of her Maker  
should be done.

Cultivate a gift, my comrades. Get  
your hearts filled with the sunshine of  
Divine love, and your mouths with sing-  
ing, and then go about leading others  
to that ocean of blessedness that is  
waiting for all.

You're in the fight for the gladness of  
the world,

most daily tries to persuade that

**They Have Missed Their Calling,**

are out of their place; that they are not  
qualified for the work. That they are not  
gifted for singing or speaking, or praying  
or writing, or commanding, or anything  
else. Go to them. Sit down by them.  
Carry them the tidings of any case in  
which you know God has used them.  
Show them the truth in which each one  
or might do. Tell them of others who  
have held on and improved themselves  
and reached positions of great usefulness  
and power. Do not be afraid of being  
too kindly. Go out of your way. Shake  
them by the hand. Look out for par-  
ticular condition, hoping for better days.

They have failed. They have failed  
because they gave up. And they

**Circumstances of Disengagement,**

and specially meet and cheer them there.  
Go to the soldiers. Find out the poorest  
and most unfortunate whose  
ways are so often darkened by difficulties.  
Interest yourself in their trials and diffi-  
culties, whether spiritual or temporal,  
and help and cheer them up in these  
special particulars. Let them tell you  
their trouble. It is astonishing how  
much better they feel when somebody  
has tried to help them out of the  
special sorrows that they have acquired.

Find out those who are always mired  
in the rear and sit at the back, and bring  
them up to the front. Then again,  
those who are timid and never get a  
chance to speak. Call them up, and  
make a hearing for them. Those who  
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Assure everybody that

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to that ocean of blessedness that is  
waiting for all.

You're in the fight for the gladness of  
the world,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

**BROTHER JOHN O'DRISCOLL.**

**A Backslidden Brother Restored at His Bedside.**

The death-angel has again visited our  
ranks and taken from our midst our  
brave comrade, Bro. John O'Driscoll. As  
we think of him it hardly seems possible  
he has gone. Only a few weeks ago he  
was so well and strong, only twenty-four  
years of age. Truly, "We are as the  
flowers of the field, in the morning it  
flourishes and grows up, in the even-  
ing it is dried up and withered."

About seven months ago he had the  
joy and privilege of pointing our dear  
comrade to Jesus in the Second Army  
meeting he attended, since which time he  
has always been a true and faithful  
soldier of Jesus.

During his illness he was visited by  
many of the soldiers and also the officers.  
There was a general sympathy and interest  
in him, and when he died, however,  
he always gave a bright look.

We called to see him at half-past five  
on Monday evening. We saw he was  
worse but still had no thought of death,  
but when asked if all was well between  
him and Jesus, the answer came clear  
and strong,

"All is Well."

We left him hoping it was God's will  
he would be better in the morning.  
About half-past one a.m. the chartel  
lowered, he stopped in cheerfully and  
went to be with Jesus. Leaving testi-  
mony behind him of his entire devotion to Jesus  
for us all to meet him in Heaven. A  
young man who was sitting up with  
him knelt at his dying bedside and gave  
his heart to Jesus. It seemed so sad  
he had no relatives here, but he had  
made many friends. He was loved and  
respected by all. We gave him a real  
Army funeral. A large crowd. Hardly  
dry eye. Every heart was touched.  
We miss him, but we know our loss is  
Heaven's gain. Who will take his place?  
Someone must fill the gap. "Be ye also  
ready for in such an hour as ye think  
not the Son of Man cometh."—N. E.  
Green, Capt.

444

**SISTER MRS. WINTERS, Parsonage,**

N.S.

Sister Winters was a soldier of Jesus  
corps for ten years. She had been sick  
for some time and her last days were  
days of suffering, but she never com-  
plained. Jesus was precious to her.  
Through it all her testimony was always  
clear. She died for me to see before passing  
away. Let me tell you she died for the  
Army to bury her. We have lost the  
desire of her heart realizing that another  
brother had gone home.—L. H.  
Larder, Capt.

666

**MOTHER WRIGHT, Whitehorn Circle.**

Death has again visited our corps and  
taken from us dear old Mother Wright,  
who for many years has been a  
true soldier of Jesus Christ, and of  
the Salvation Army. She was always  
very definite in her prayer and testimony,  
often saying,

**Ob, There is a Good God! A Real God.**  
I do believe it," she would say, and such  
waves of power and influence would  
come from her words. She was loved  
by everybody who knew her. She will be  
missed both in the family circle and in  
the corps.

The funeral service was conducted by  
Rev. T. Leggett, the Methodist minister,  
and included Capt. Whitehorn and Lieutenant  
Moore. There was a good attendance  
of both Methodists, and Salvationists.  
The memorial service was held in the  
barracks on Sunday night, and many  
tributes of love and respect for her  
were freely expressed. We tried to im-  
press upon the listeners the uncertainty of  
time and the certainty of death, but  
none yielded.

It was in the funeral of Capt. White-  
horn and Lt. Moore, after a nine month's  
stay. The service came to a close by  
consecrating ourselfs afresh to God and  
the Army and the world's salvation.  
Yours for God and souls. —W. W.

**AVARICE GATHERS ITSELF POOR  
CHARITY PAYS ITSELF RICH.**

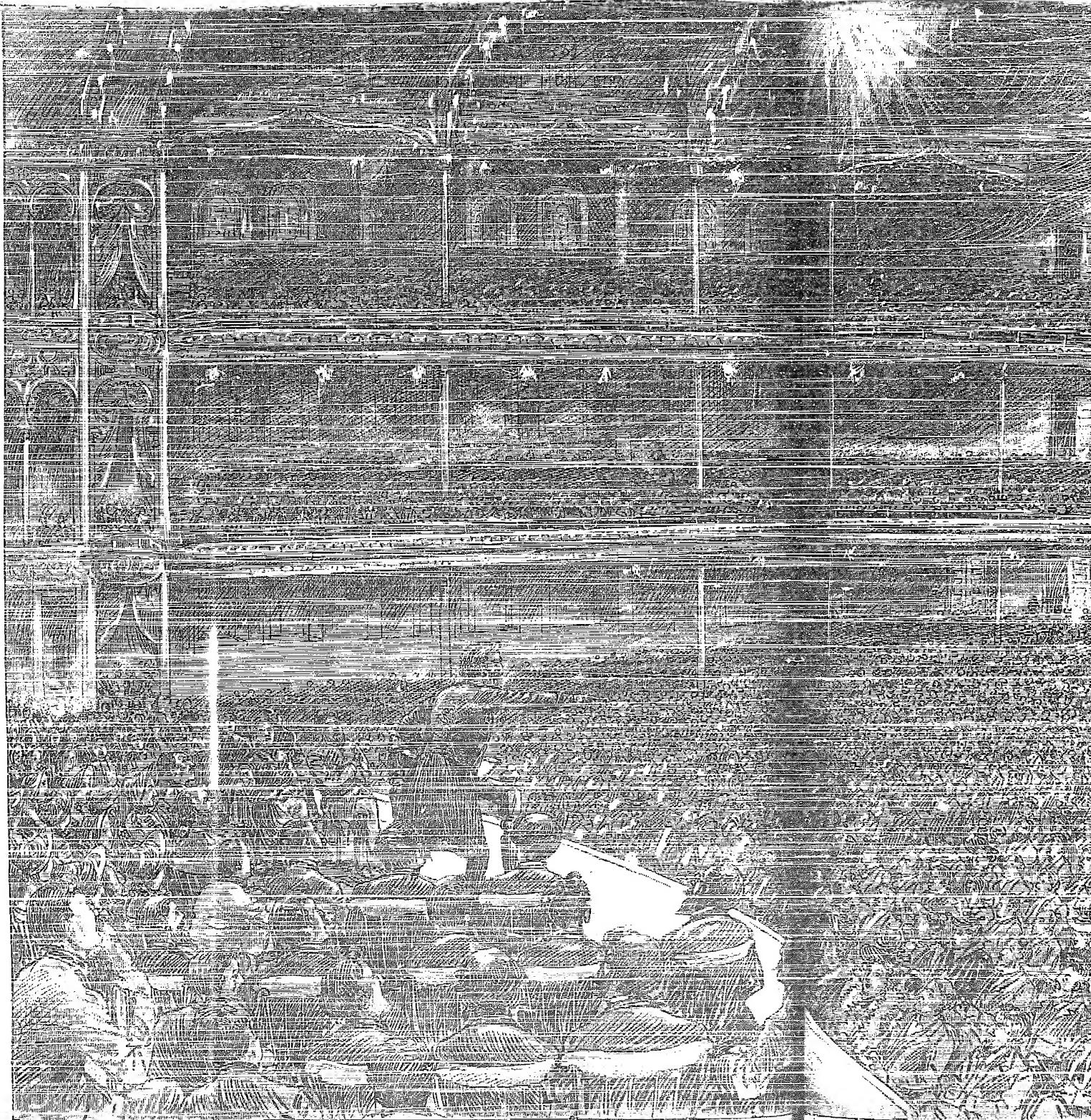
Jesus Christ alone is singularly  
loved; and He alone is found good and  
faithful above all friends.

Never desire to be singularly com-  
mended or beloved, for that appertaineth  
unto God. Who hath none like unto  
Himself.

For Him and in Him, let friends as  
well as foes be dear unto them; and all  
these are to be prayed for, that He would  
make them all to know and to love

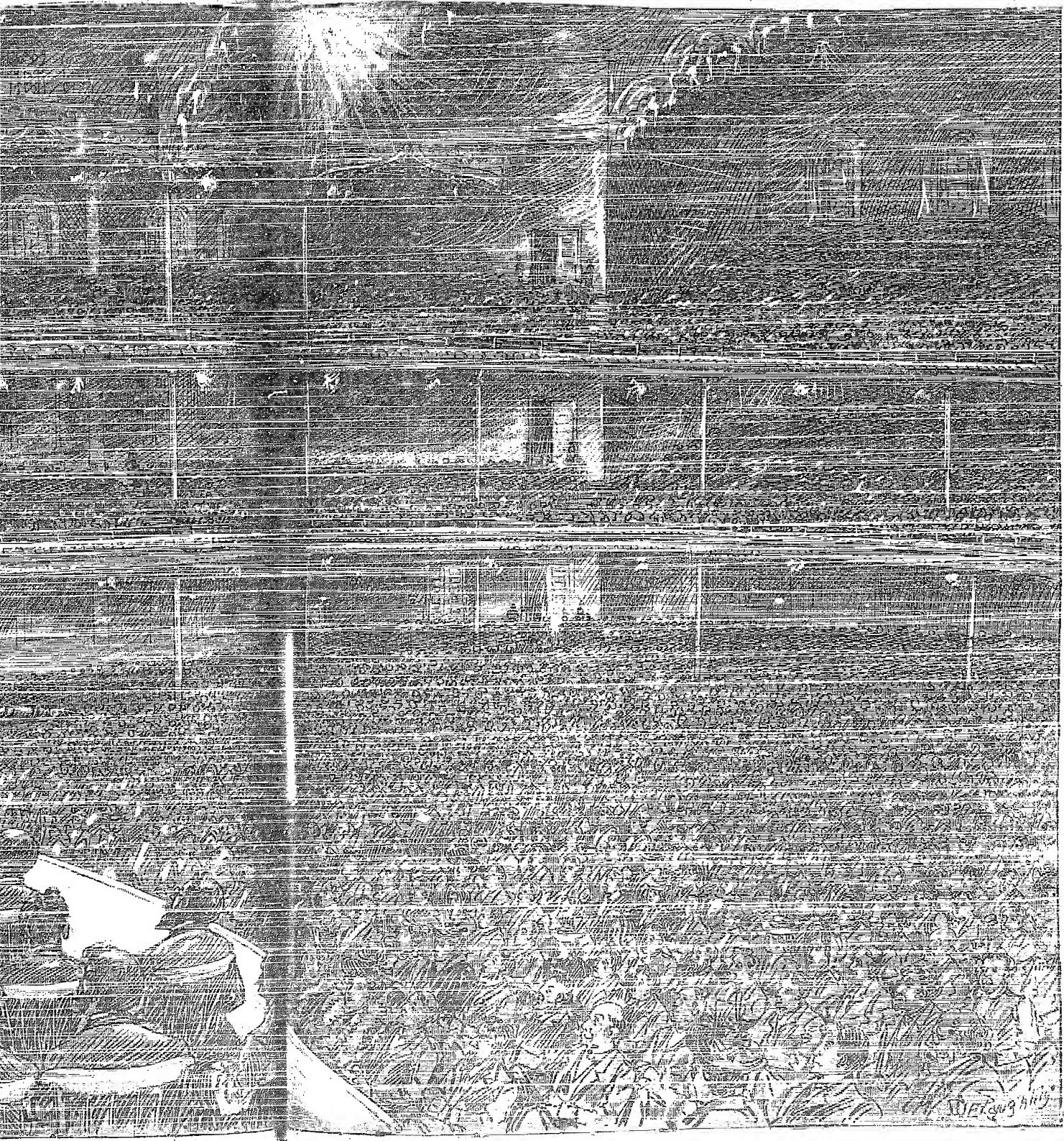
the time to do a good thing is when  
you can. If you do it in your power  
to-day and leave to the next day, failing  
soil, you are guilty before God. If you  
fail to stretch out your hand, Jesus  
will be ion life.

made in our ranks on earth and fight the  
same glorious warfare and win the like-  
ward whilst their glorified parents now  
enjoy. Me and myself visited her  
three days before she died, when she  
testified to the fact that she was ready,  
but still being filled with the warrior  
spirit, she exhibited a longing desire to  
get out where to the front of the battle  
and end her life there. She was a  
woman of great character and virtue,  
and endearment to people about their  
sons. Her wife, Mrs. J. C. White, her husband  
and one son to come the loss of a  
loving mother and a true wife. Also a  
large circle of friends who will miss her  
words of counsel and cheer. Pray for the  
bereaved ones that God will comfort  
them.—Capt. Amos Ryan.



## THE GENERAL ADDRESSING HIS AUDIENCE IN THE MASSEY HALL ON

The Trump of Doom may sound before the year is out. The cloud of death will burst on you, and your SINS will be your PUNISHMENT! You won't want darts of torment, or fire to burn your sins away. But if you do, call upon the Name of Jesus, and he will save you.



AL ADDRESSING HIS AUDIENCE IN THE MASSEY HALL ON SUNDAY.

... will burst on you, and your share will be your END! Your won't want devils to torment, or fires to burn, and blackness of darkness! YOUR SINS, YOUR SINS, YOUR SINS, YOUR SINS,







# THE WAR CRY.

12

## I. CONCLUSION OF THE EASTERN CAMPAIGN.

(Continued from page 5.)

on their feet, with the crosses in their hands, started back, more or less startled by the ghastlyness of the language used. "It mean me!"

A question was drawn with a marvellous effort to calm an heart over the faces of scores of men who were there. "And Commissioner Nicoll, too, with emotion-prayed. The General, aged, and deep responsive, were uttered all over the hall. Lawley's singing, appealed to side of the meeting, softening down, but it was the note that cut into the feeling of offering, taken up, — whose aim was revealed—began his work. The venerable leader as Captain, proud as we were of Friday night, surrounded by the religious and patriotic, stood before us as the Friend. With the invincibility, now, the companion of a broad, and the evangelical fervor of Ley, the General must have had disappointment to any present to hear him as a great orator, as a lecturer, or a man of ordinary education, of the term. His voice was sonorous and expressive, common taste for hearing struck the address, which held the stillness of a summer morn in Ontario, will rank as one of a man's mightiest attack on

*Citadel of the World's Work.*

ad truly marvellous liberty, in the Holy Ghost, and with all intensity of his nature stood up to its highest pitch. Then at his feet and learned as if they were received in spirit of like notes, or nipp'd to each other, any point of special application said them. The field officers were moved, and the soldiers—almost invariably the freest in the press, and under the direction of their general, were in danger of running away the meeting. Twice the General, to regain their enthusiasm. They generally were most sympathetic. Some said so in the bayonet charge at the close. But they can't stay away, and promised me again.

One is it?" one of the fishers said, who objected to being COMPELLING him about his soul; "that you stop them, I don't know," was the reply.

On what was the meeting about? — as described by God: sin as a disposition, a habit, or a principle, bare outline, that was all but not over-estimating the effect indeed, when saying so.

That the General's address gave the

"terrible moment in the lives of hundreds of souls."

They're there hanging over you, a little thunder cloud, and the Trumpet may sound before the sun sets, when this cloud of wrath will burst upon, and your SINS will be your LASTING PERDITION! You want devil to torment, or fire to burn you black. YOUR SINS, YOUR sin, your sin. YOUR SINS, YOUR sins, the memory of your sins, YOUR sins, the guilt of your sins will be enough! Here, they are, enough, says God. I have got sponge dipped in the blood of My Son which will wash off every one which will not wash off ever!

ONE: (Vivify.) I will not pass out for ever!

ships there is nothing so noble in sight of God, certainly there is no such thing as a Salvationsite—as

of a strong man surrendering to the

sense of his conscience, and in the

sense of 2,000 pairs of eyes, leaving down

to the Mercy-Seat, was such an

sense of the Divine conquering

spirit being.

was the response to Colonel Lawley for the first. He was at

which a patriarchal saintly

woman, who I afterwards learned

mother of two staff officers, who

to be cleansed from sin through

she was joined by a man,

the fourth was a bandmaster of

the corps an ex-officer who

is previous to many years in

the field. He literally sat at the

A friend passed through the staff,

old Major Marion walked straight

him, and knelt at his feet, threw

around him and wept with him,

a sight for the gods and the

I wish every ex-officer, and the

could have seen it. It is a lie

that the Army and its leaders

officers and the shoulder-straps

and circle of our penitent forms

desire to receive back to our

now unclouding sheep—sheep, not only

but into the sacred shrine

our hearts. Come back, comrades,

come back!

The player meeting, which was con-

tinued until nearly one o'clock, was full

of the believing spirit, and reflected

the atmosphere of the first

for organizing the church. Sing

and sing! Officers still tied with each

other in the spiritually sick

and wounded and when the total num-

er—was heralded from the plat-

form it is of hallelujahs, the joy

of the Toronto soldiers was contagious

and talked of the meeting in groups,

and if you will accept the call you

will make a prophet. I have

not made myself one. I accepted the

call, and if you will accept the call you

will know what God will make of you.

He will make you a monument of His

mastery, and make you a blessing where-

ever you go. If you do not accept the

call He will make you

an angel.

THE AFTERNOON MEETING.

SEVERAL TERRIBLE MOMENTS IN THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF SOULS.

Onwards heaved in Toronto on a Sun-

day Afternoon—Tuesday Fall at the

Seas—Nearly all in tears.

With the name high, ver ill,

in hell or earth or sky,

Angels and men before His fall,

the devils fear and fly.

It was the song with which the

Garrison meeting in the Massey

began. The hall was crowded in

every corner, and when the doors were

closed several came up only to be

admitted. The majority present

in the church going, classes, and

informal group of ministers. On the

platform the well-known Evangelist

Messrs. Crozat, and Hunter, Ross,

and Scott, and a number of others

who were an officer in the Salvation

Army. In the upper gallery there were

several clowns, if we may so

call them, that don't take religion seriously

so as to go to church. "Just once in a

year, say, when I am going to business

and can't do it, when you get into

conversation, say, 'Now I am go-

ing to go to church,' and then say

that nothing like it had been done

before in our age. The Staff Band,

in their scarlet uniform, viewed from

one point in the dress circle,

and those played—beautiful. The

effects of the soldiers filled the fea-

tress, and the women, the light wing of

the Garrison, and looking down on the

field of human beings on the area,

the towering galleries dense with

men and expectant multitude, all

under the strange solemnity of

life. What would the General say

if we come down to this house this morn-

ing. Here is a pretty record i Miles and

MILES of transgressions recorded

and asked to attack their con-

science?

"I will forgive you all the

way. As far as the East is from the

West, I will renew that man's life

as I did yesterday. That is the first

thing I can say to him? He

did the same for me.

There is a pretty record i Miles and

MILES of transgressions recorded

and asked to attack their con-

science?

"I will sweep the

earth, and

the sun sets,

and your SINS will be your

LASTING PERDITION!

You want devil to torment, or fire to

burn you black. YOUR SINS, YOUR

sin, your sin. YOUR SINS, YOUR

sins, the memory of your sins, YOUR

sins, the guilt of your sins will be

enough! Here, they are,

enough, says God. I have got

sponge dipped in the blood of My

Son which will wash off every one

which will not wash off ever!

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is previous to many years in the

field, and if you will accept the

call you will see that

you are not alone.

He will make you a monument of His

mastery, and make you a blessing where-

ever you go. If you do not accept the

call He will make you

an angel.

THE NIGHT.

THE WORLD IS BEING SWARMED WITH BACKSLIDERS.

I look upon that deluge that comes sweeping

over the world three or four thousand

years ago as being brought on by

backsliding, and we are getting the

turn. They are here this afternoon, and

are here this afternoon, and we have

vowed to them that we had

not given up, and claim five times that

we are never-to-be-forgotten

example to every officer and soldier.

WHY DID YOU NOT COME?

I look upon that deluge that comes sweeping

over the world three or four thousand

years ago as being brought on by

backsliding, and we are getting the

turn. They are here this afternoon, and

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backsliding, and we are getting the

turn. They are here this afternoon, and



# THE WAR CRY.

## HOT SCOTCH.

A Tale of Two Continents.

By William H. Cox, Editor-in-Chief S. A. Publications, New York City.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE Second Reverie.

**MISSING.**

ALLACE was taught a wholesome lesson by his severe drubbing. There was no doubt about that. The applications went to the bone, and the blow at the heart, and for some considerable time he would have recognized in the white boy, who so frequently received the commands of the schoolmaster, the wild, harum-scarum fellow of a few weeks previous. But like the upstart ferocity of the pit tiger-cub, he is a harmless one now, and finds the right of self-preservation asserting itself, so the reputation of boldness of William was only half-conquered, not destroyed. Still nothing of a very serious nature seemed—nothing to bring him into special attention—for a number of years, until he had left school and was rapidly qualifying himself as a successful—not very respectable—manufacturer of foot wear.

In fact, what might be described as the second did not occur until the age of sixteen. Wallace was by this time a regular time hand, and knew how to make as much money and "blow it" as rapidly as the average manipulator of useful but trifling substances known as cobblers there was. One day a dispute occurred between father and son in regard to a sum of money the latter had sent to his old master for his board. It was during the time of our civil war. Big money was being made by the English cord-wainers, who supplied a large proportion of the shoe leather needed by the troops. Employment had naturally had a paralyzing effect upon industry, and therefore both North and South, and outside of the actual "war prices." Fortunes were made in a week, the speculators were well paid. Wallace was possessed of a youthful independence which unhesitatingly judgment. The dispute raged (this is the correct word) hot; words were handled, strong epithets indulged in, axes wielded, and a pistol or two placed in threatening attitudes. Finally the father bluntly asked:

"Do you reckon yourself a man?"

"Then go and face the world alone."

The boy was thrown open, and Wallace walked out, but not to suffer.

He was fortunate enough to secure a place in a small shop, and settled down to work again.

At this period of Wallace's life a rather peculiar, and no less remarkable event occurred. The lad, in his growth from boyhood to young manhood, was much taller than the average size of a youth. At the age of fifteen he was six feet tall, when sixteen years of age he was indeterminately mixed up with a figure four; to wit, his height was five inches, his weight 4 stone 4 lbs.

He had ever been a small, delicate boy, unusually wiry. His proportions were really dwarf-like, and his features were those of a child. He was a boy of nine.

The physician who consulted at Malone during the abolition of "man-hair," through which he was sent (from home) fed him literally with cod-liver oil and took extraordinary measures to promote his growth. He was advised to attend a gymnasium, and through such means with the doctor's treatment during the course of three months he gained a whole foot in height and a stone in weight!

This increase of physical good fortune was counterbalanced, however, by the loss of his position. Getting out of the shop he had the same effect upon Wallace as falling on him, upon the ground.

He tried to arise and go to his father. He failed to do so, and went to the house all right; but, sad to say, there was no ring and kiss for his prodigal; he had to keep on his coat-guarantee, for the reason that no one had offered him; there was no position of any kind.

His father spoke with him: "I don't want you; you are a bad boy; go and look out for yourself."

Wallace replied, "No, no; you are my father; you will have to keep me."

Wallace had an admixture of remorse and gall when his heart reflected on his past life, when he had secured a roasting veal in the atmosphere. On the other hand, his mother's native of Ontario, Mrs. Thomas McConnell, was now in Toronto, Canada, and he could not know her whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

#### Second Insertion.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe, by friend, or assist, if possible, in bringing girls, women, or children, or any persons in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark, "Inquiry," on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will aid if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with we would be pleased if they would do so:

267. GEORGE HALL, LIDDELL, Age 33. Cabiner, by trade. Last heard from Port Hope in 1883, stating he was making his way to Toronto. Mother enquired. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

268. SAMUEL SINCLAIR, son of Samuel and Isabella Sinclair, of Lindsay, Ont., who was then living in the Township of Varian, near Bury's Green P. O. Height about 5 feet 2 inches, weight about 120 pounds, dark hair, dark eyes, dark beard (sometimes shaved), sometimes wears a mustache. Last heard from Mandan, Dakota. His people are very anxious to know his whereabouts. Address, Mr. S. Sinclair, Bury's Green P. O., or Inquiry, Toronto.

269. ELIZA DRUMMEND. Supposed to be living in Toronto. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

270. ALEX. McRAE, of Cumberland. Last heard from when he left Beaumont, Mont., for Butte to work in a mine. His father is anxious to hear of his whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

271. ALEXANDER LINTON. Fair-haired, about 5 feet 8 inches, weight about 120 pounds, dark hair, dark eyes, dark beard (sometimes shaved). Escaped from Fergus Land, about 14 years ago, Minnesota. Any information will be thankfully received. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

272. PATRICK LAMBERT. Age 44, short blue eyes. His wife wishes him to return to London, Ont. He left his home in 1880. Last heard of in Chatham in 1889. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

273. THOMAS WILLIAM GATESFIELD. Last heard of 8 years ago. Was in New Mexico, Age 22, about 5 feet, dark hair, height about 5 feet. Always worked on railroads. Always knew his whereabouts please address Mrs. Alice Gatefield, 15 Church Road, Malvern, Newry, Monmouthshire, Eng., or Inquiry, Toronto.

274. JANE NICOLSON. Left Galeshields, Scotland, five years ago, to Brandon, Manitoba. Last heard of in Winnipeg, four years ago. Anyone knowing her whereabouts please address Inquiry, Toronto.

275. CHARLES ERNEST WOOD. Left Birmingham, England, in 1880, with his brother William. Landed in the Quebec and went straight to the Quebec Home, in London, Eng. His brother William is anxious to know his whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

#### First Insertion.

276. FRED IBBOTSON. Age 20 years. Last heard from Revelstoke, B.C., when working for the Revelstoke Lumber Co. Mother enquires.

277. THOS. WILLIAMS. From the Parish of Cradley, Herefordshire, England. Son of Nathaniel and Hannah Williams. Age 45 or 46. By making his whereabouts known will be in a better position to find him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

278. WILLIAM MASON. Last heard of in Vacaville, California, Age 28, height 5 ft. 8 in., light complexion, slight build. His mother's name is Mrs. Mary Thomas McConnell, and is now in Toronto, Canada.

279. JAMES W. BARKER. Left Newmarket, Ontario, height 5 ft. 3 in., weight 140 lbs, blue eyes, large eye-balls, forehead high, wears small night glasses. Was taken in by a wire works' owner, the shoe-shops had closed down. His employer wanted to take him as an apprentice for eight years, but he would not agree, and was dismissed. A wire works' owner placed him to a who wanted to bind him for one, knowing his present whereabouts, please communicate with the Salvation Army, Inquiry, Toronto, Ontario.

## SONGS

### Roar Blood and Fire.

Tune.—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow (B.J. 66, 2).

Lord Jesus, I long to be real Blood-and-Fire.  
In faith and devotion I want to be higher;

A half-hearted life does not want to harm.  
Then make me a husband, we lost to alarm.

Chorus.  
Real Blood-and-Fire! Real Blood-and-Fire!  
Baptise me, and make me, Lord,  
Real Blood-and-Fire!

The souls Thou dost use, Lord, to bring home the lost,  
Are those who obey Thee, whatever the cost;  
Then make me a brave, Lord, Thy service to do,  
A Blood-and-Fire Soldier I'll be through and through.

What years I have wasted by being so cold!  
How seldom in battle I've really been cold!

The light Thou art sending is showing me plain,  
Just why I have fallen again and again.

O Lord, do forgive the cold life that has been!  
I saw at Thy Cross in repentance so keen;

Accept me, renew me, and carry me higher,  
Baptise me and make me, Lord, real Blood-and-Fire!

H. V. S. (Lom.-on-Cry).  
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### Worthy the Lamb.

Tunes.—In memoriam (B.J. 308, 3); Hallelujah to the Lamb (B.J. 31, 3); I will not let Thee go (B.J. 67, 2).

Come, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne;

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

Chorus.  
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who died on Mount Calvary.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Amens!

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,

"To be exalted thus!"

"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts replied,  
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive honor and power Divine;  
And blessing more than we can give.

Be, Lord, forever True.

The whole creation joins in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him who sits upon the Throne.  
And to where the Lamb.

\*\*\*

### Turn to God.

Tunes.—We'll all shout hallelujah (B.J. 32, 2; chorus is for this tune, sing slowly); You are washed (B.J. 20, 2); The Saviour stands waiting (B.J. 17, 1).

There is mercy for all who in earnest call on God;  
The Saviour Whose life-blood was spilt for you;

He pitied you and me; all the world can happy be,  
For on Jesus the worst may rot their guilt.

Chorus.  
Come away, come away,  
To the Cross for refuge flee;

Safe with His bleeding hands—

Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

In the gloomy shade,  
When His knot and prayed,

Oh, what painful agony!

When His brow was wet

With blood, sweat,

In the Garden of Gethsemane.

See, the Saviour stands

With His wounded hands,

And He calls aloud to thee.

"For thine soul is saved."

Then thy heart now give to Me."

Come away, and confess your sin;

Come to Him who died for thee.

To His feet draw near,

With heart sincere,

And from sin He'll set thee free.

Chorus.  
Weary sinner, seek salvation,  
Hasten! lest soon too late thou;

For the time is flying fast,

And your life will soon be past.

Turn from sin and enter Mercy's gate.

"Will you cease your sinful strife and  
accept eternal life?"

Here the Giver pleads in tender tones

Say no more, "No, not-to-night!" Turn

From darkness to the light,

Then thy soul from every fetter Christ

will free.

When thy days on earth are o'er, and  
when friends can do no more,

Father, whoe'er thou art, then will tear thy

sighing heart;

what remorse and vain regret, chances

gone you can't forget.

While the future none can alter or control.

Mater Drabbie.

\*\*\*

### The Great White Throne.

Tunes.—Realms of the blest (B.J. 32, 1);

I believe Jesus saves (B.J. 28); Oh,

Bravo, (B.J. 22, 3); I have heard of a

Saviour's love (B.J. 63, 2).

I have heard of the great Judgment Day,

When the stars from the heavens

will fall,

When sinners to Jesus will pray,

But His voice will not answer their can.

Chorus.

Fray, oh, pray, while martyrs is offered to day;

Pray, oh, pray, for Jesus is mighty to save.

Chorus.

The blast of the trumpet will sound,

As Christ in the clouds does appear,

When before Him all nations will come,

While sinners they tremble with fear.

The righteous King will confess,

And own them as children of His,

Will enter glory to mansions above.

To enter eternity's hills.

W. Brandey, Capr.

\*\*\*

### Seek Jesus Now.

Tune.—Sinner, see you light (B.J. 43, 2).

5. Sinner, see you light

Shining clear and bright

From the Cross on Calvary.

Where the Saviour died—

And from His side

Came the Blood that sets us free.

Chorus.

Come away, come away,

To the Cross for refuge flee;

Safe with His bleeding hands—

Thy ransom He paid on the tree.

See, the Saviour stands

With His wounded hands,

And He calls aloud to thee.

"For thine soul is saved."

Then thy heart now give to Me."

Come away, and confess your sin;

Come to Him who died for thee.

To His feet draw near,

With heart sincere,

And from sin He'll set thee free.

(To be Continued)

pleasant solace was to be placed

in the bosom of a torn and

miserafied old man.

He had the same effect upon Wallace,

to which he again settled down in

comparative peace and comfort. But surges

and equiles were in the horizon of his

life, of which Wallace really knew

nothing. Thus the wisdom of a kind

Providence, in its infinite concern

for him, an admixture of warmth and

gall, away beyond that of most

men, but it had to be drained, and

to its bitter dress. Life was just

beginning to take on its most rosy

hue; to do its most romantic place;

but it was not to last: The thin film of

### In Time of Trouble, Say:

First: He brought me here. It is by His will I am in this straight place. In that I will rest.

Next: He will keep me in His love and in His grace in this trial to act as His child.

Then: He will make the trial a blessing, teaching me the lessons. He means me to learn, and work it me the grace He intends for me.

Last: In this good time He can bring me back again how and when He knows. Say—I am here. 1. By God's appointment. 2. In His keeping. 3. Under His training. 4. For His time—Selected.

People who feel "eternity's too short to worth God's praises," are apt to forget in their service down here that they are subject to the limitations of ordinary mortals. One such, viz., Major Pugmire, replying to someone's query, says, "With regard to the climate, I do not think the climate has anything to do with it. The doctor says it is simply overwork of brain, that I must live a day at a time, etc."

Coming Events.

### G. B. & F. PRECIOUS SOULS' APPOINTMENTS.

CAPT. COLLIER.—Whigham, Feb. 17;

Teeswater, Feb. 18; Brussels, Feb. 19;

Wroxeter, Feb. 21; Atwood, Feb. 22;

Lathom, Feb. 23; Harriston, Feb. 24;

Clifford, Feb. 25; Walkerton, Feb. 26; 27.

ENSIGN MCKENZIE.—Jamestown, Feb. 19;

20; 21; Beaumarsh, Feb. 21; 22;

23; 24; 25; 26; 27; 28; 29; 30; 31; 32; 33; 34; 35; 36; 37; 38; 39; 40; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 47; 48; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 57; 58; 59; 60; 61; 62; 63; 64; 65; 66; 67; 68; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77; 78; 79; 80; 81; 82; 83; 84; 85; 86; 87; 88; 89; 90; 91; 92; 93; 94; 95; 96; 97; 98; 99; 100; 101; 102; 103; 104; 105; 106; 107; 108; 109; 110; 111; 112; 113; 114; 115; 116; 117; 118; 119; 120; 121; 122; 123; 124; 125; 126; 127; 128; 129; 130; 131; 132; 133; 134; 135; 136; 137; 138; 139; 140; 141; 142; 143; 144; 145; 146; 147; 148; 149; 150; 151; 152; 153; 154; 155; 156; 157; 158; 159; 160; 161; 162; 163; 164; 165; 166; 167; 168; 169; 170; 171; 172; 173; 174; 175; 176; 177; 178; 179; 180; 181; 182; 183; 184; 185; 186; 187; 188; 189; 190; 191; 192; 193; 194; 195; 196; 197; 198; 199; 200; 201; 202; 203; 204; 205; 206; 207; 208; 209; 210; 211; 212; 213; 214; 215; 216; 217; 218; 219; 220; 221; 222; 223; 224; 225; 226; 227; 228; 229; 230; 231; 232; 233; 234; 235; 236; 237; 238; 239; 240; 241; 242; 243; 244; 245; 246; 247; 248; 249; 250; 251; 252; 253; 254; 255; 256; 257; 258; 259; 260; 261; 262; 263; 264; 265; 266; 267; 268; 269; 270; 271; 272; 273; 274; 275; 276; 277; 278; 279; 280; 281; 282; 283; 284; 285; 286; 287; 288; 289; 290; 291; 292; 293; 294; 295; 296; 297; 298; 299; 300; 301; 30

# THE GENERAL'S Trans-Continental Campaign.

## MORE PHENOMENAL MEETINGS.

### HAMILTON.

**Extraordinarily Successful Meetings.**

**A PROMINENT DIVINE'S TESTIMONY TO THE ARMY AND ITS GENERAL.**



THE RECEPTION accorded our leader on landing was one of the most enthusiastic he has received since his Canadian Campaign began. The depot and its surroundings were crowded with citizens, of all ranks of life, and this widespread interest was sustained until the General closed his visit.

If I were asked to state the results; I should classify them as—

1. The removal of prejudice and a few old scores.

2. An inspiration to the local work of the Army.

3. A fuller knowledge and warmer endorsement of the principles best calculated to work material and spiritual salvation of the people.

4. A revival of zeal among the clergy.

A few facts under each of these points, will support them. Take the first—the removal of prejudice. I will only quote Dr. Burns, President of the Methodist College in that city, as a sample fact. Here are some of the observations—“I had the honor of entertaining General Booth on the occasion of his first visit to Canada, and I am sorry to say that when I first met him, I did not know him. I do now. His last night's address was a life-long inspiration. I never felt so eman, insignificant and microscopic in my life. He refreshed my eyes and heart, and made me look back upon my life with an overwhelming sense of shame.”

Testimonies of a similar kind were common next day at telephones. The treasurer of No. 1 corps voiced the prevailing sentiment of the corps—“His visit will make us in Hamilton. We love the General just as much as you do in the Old Country.”

But to the third gain from the visit—new ideas or old ones in new dress, are not readily expected. But the result of the General's Hamilton tour convinced hundreds of its citizens of the infidelity of our principles for耕耘ing with human misery. The moral economical power of reformatory labor as a means of improving and reforming the conditions of the destitute, and secondly, the union of these with efficient and Divinely inspired works. “General Booth's work on earth is not his own work, but it is largely doing it,” said one divine in the Minister's room after the close of the General's meeting.

The visit also evoked a warm and widespread spirit of love, not only towards the General, but the Army as a whole, and we have only to add the introduction of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Elliott, as a sample of the love which our beloved leader received as an indication of the convictions entertained by the clergy.

Christian friends, we are now invited to-night under the auspices of the Salvation Army. The Army as a religious organization is a Nineteenth Century ‘Act of the Apostles’ with a great many interesting chapters to follow. Super-refined people used to look down on the Salvation Army movement with polite disdain. That, I am happy to say, does not affect the movement—it is simply a case of the old woman trying to sweep back the tide with a broom. The aggressive evangelism which the Army represents, is nothing more than a tidal wave of the Christian gospel impinging over the face of the earth. No religious movement of the Christian era could ever, or has made so grand a record in so short a time. The Army has broken the record of the ages. It is only about a quarter of a century since our organism was organized, and all its subsequent operations have started and shocked by tambourines and drummed red guernseys and police bonnets. Surely such an absurd paraphernalia could suggest nothing that was good. I thoroughly

believe that many of them thought that the reign of anti-Christ had actually begun. You remember when John was put in prison by Herod, that somehow the devil managed to get him into that Babylonian cell ‘Doubting Castle’. His conviction concerning the Messiahship of Christ seemed to have got into a nebulous condition—he seemed to be losing his bearings, as he sent two of his disciples to Jesus to enquire from John ‘Art Thou he that should come or look we for another?’ Jesus said, ‘Go and show John these things which ye do see and hear—the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.’ That was the last evidence Jesus could give of His Messiahship, so if there is anybody who is in doubt concerning the Divine origin of the Salvation Army, let those doubt the things which ye do see and hear. You have evidence vast enough and conclusive enough to scatter the unbeliever. The eyes of the blind have been opened, how many deaf ears have been unstopped, how many lepers have been cleansed, through the instrumentality of this organization? Who can tell? And best of all, how many thousands and tens of thousands of neglected, forsaken poor for whom Christ died, have heard the story of God's redeeming love from the lips of the lowly and downcast who wear the uniform of the Army. Mr. Wealey said, ‘Not only go where you are needed, but where you are needed most.’ I am afraid that many of the churches are not working very closely by that excellent principle of action, even those who need us most are left to shift for themselves, but through good report and the Salvatorian Army have held out the hands of mercy and help to the destitute, the degraded and poor. In the great field of the subjugated masses—where the churches stood powerless, and just as the devil seemed to be having it all his own way—God raised up this wonderful people, who sprang from the earth, and gave them hope and salvation to countless thousands. Let us thank God and take courage as we hold the glorious results which are being achieved at home and abroad, in lands nominally Christian and in lands practically pagan.

“I am glad that we have with us General Booth, the founder and director of this movement. General Booth is a man whom I believe to be an ardent raiser up of God for this magnificent cause, as any prophet or apostle of olden time. His character and work will grow in the eyes of the world, as the years come and go. Already he is the best known man in the religious world to-day. The papers of the globe are talking of him. I trust that his life may be spared for many years to direct the ever-widening circles of this movement which is lifting such multitudes from the foulest pits of sin, preparing them for honorable citizenship on earth, and the bright hope of a blessed heaven.”

The visit of the General to Hamilton was in every way a success. His private and public receptions were representative and enthusiastic. The meetings were crowded and influential. Enthusiasm ran high and the General's addresses were marked by his inevitable power of expression, logic, detail and animation fervor.

The General was entertained by his old and esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and he carried away with him a memory of his visit which will be fragrant in days and years to come.

It is alleged that the authorities at Harbor Grace, Nfld., forbade any society to march for three months. Our people took advantage of this, and in order not to break the law, they just walked along in a body with fife and drums, in place of the usual two-deep marching. The “walking” caused quite a bit of excitement.

## BRANTFORD.

### A Successful Gathering in the Zion Presbyterian Church.

THE NEXT CITY to which the General advanced was that of Brantford, where he was received by His Worship, the Mayor, several leading citizens, the officers and soldiers of the corps.

The night previous to the meeting, was the reading of which the vast assembly answered to the call of the Mayor by instantly rising to their feet as a testimony of their pleasure and highest esteem of the General, review of the principles and progress of the movement.

The General stayed with Mr. McLean, an old and tried friend of the Army during his visit in London.

## The General's Tour

Continued.

### WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

VICTORIA, B.C., Wednesday, March 8.

VANCOUVER, B.C., Thursday, March 9.

SPOKANE, Wash., Saturday and Sunday,

March 12 and 13. Auditorium.

WINNIPEG, Man., Wednesday and Thursday, March 16 and 17.

## WOODSTOCK.

### They Want the General Back.

THE GENERAL was only able to do an evening meeting in this fashionable little city, but it was nevertheless wonderful. The inclemency of the weather presented no barrier to the citizens—they flock in hundreds to the Methodist Church, and before the time of commencement, and during the interval, a general meeting was held at the close, both ministers and laymen gave an unqualified testimony to the good work the Army had accomplished in Brantford, and their admiration for what it had done in all parts of the world.

The collection amounted to \$90. Another hour after the termination of Woodstock, the General was journeying for the evoluk meeting at London.

## LONDON.

### Large Gathering in the First Methodist Church.

#### JUDGE ELLIOTT ON THE S.A.

Major SOUTHLAND had things well arranged for this city. The reception meeting at the depot was well done. The Major and his wife, Mr. McCormick—extended a hearty welcome to the General. The immense crowd broke into a hearty cheer. The band struck up a war march, and amidst a fan of music and blessing, the General drove off.

The meeting was held in the spacious, brilliantly lighted and decorated First Methodist Church of the city of London. Mayor Wilson occupied the chair. Every religious denomination was represented by their respective Pastors, while the church itself was conspicuously filled with a congregation who numbered close on two thousand.

Whether it is a libel on the reputation of this church, or not, we have been held to be somewhat conservative in our appreciation of good and refined men. No sign of this we visible; for as the General's statement and story of the Army's progress was carried along a wave of beautiful sympathy and hearty applause was rendered. The Mayor's endorsement of the Army's work was put in a studied oration, but nevertheless evoked a rattling expression of kindly appreciation. Judge Elliott, a gentleman

who knows what he is talking about, and, before forming a theory, privately into the facts, declared that the Army had put in a concrete form what no other organization had done, and that the union of spiritual benefit with material assistance must be the secret of the Army's success.

During the most impressive part of the meeting, was the reading of which the vast assembly answered to the call of the Mayor by instantly rising to their feet as a testimony of their pleasure and highest esteem of the General, review of the principles and progress of the movement.

The General stayed with Mr. McLean, an old and tried friend of the Army during his visit in London.

## FIELD COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS.

BUTTE, Sunday February 27th.

HELENA, Monday, February 28th.

MISSOULA, Tuesday, March 1st.

ROSSLAND, Thursday, March 3d.

### Brother Smerdon's Bereavement.

A very painful bereavement has overtaken Comrade Smerdon, of the Temple corps, Helena, namely, the loss of his dear wife, Mrs. Smerdon, and her death slightly delayed for some days, but was nevertheless, on Saturday afternoon, the following Wednesday afternoon. Brigadier Compton was called to visit her a few hours after she died, and was privileged to point her to Jesus as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world, and although so late, he fully believes she was a witness of Christ, and found the gift of rest in death. In a private interview with his wife, Smerdon was a bright Salvationist, but the Divine Light within her was dimmed through her refusal to obey God's call to become an officer in the Salvation Army. This she has spoken of herself, attributing to that one disobedience many days of headache since. For some months previous to her death, the Son of the Lord had been hovering over her bed, and she had sought the length of getting up from her seat to go to the penitent form, but had failed in the critical moment of decision. However, the same Spirit Who had been striving with her, and Who changes not, undoubtedly was with her on her deathbed, for good. After putting his confidence in Christ, which he did in his extremity, she became better, and living for Christ, she rapidly sank. She recovered consciousness to give expression to her desires with respect to her three little children; then she asked her husband to meet her over on the other side, and knew no more. Brigadier Compton conducted an impressive service over Mrs. Smerdon's bier on Friday afternoon, when many, and dear, friends renewed their covenant with God. A short service was held at the grave, and special reference was made to the sad event on the Sunday evening following at the Temple meeting, at which Dad and Mother Fierance, farewelled for Kansas, according to previous announcements.

“We are having success here in our particular work. The Shelter rooms, and there is great demand for such an institution in Spokane”—Mrs. Adj'tt Edgecombe, The Haven, Spokane, Wash. U.S.A.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horne, K. & A. Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

and lies to deceive devoted soldiers and God-fearing citizens, virtuous mothers, wives and maidens, insulted youths and innocent babes, for future service to domineering kings, by cruel and baseless deception who said Badenbach has deceived by fair pretense of joy, comfort and wealth, and other intoxicating divisions, but breaking down the Souldiers and lawful subjects of His Highest Majesty King and Ruler of all Creation, Jehovah, stirring by delusion these provinces, constituted in the said agreement, His entreated and suddenly massacred thousands, who were blood-sacrifice bought, but whom